

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Vol. III.

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY 26, 1825.

No. 9.

Selected Tales.

[The following quaint picture of a certain Italian philosopher, is from IRVING's 'Tales of a Traveller';—which, though not quite so romantic as one of his other Bandit stories which we have seen extracted, we trust will be found infinitely less horrible and revolting.]

THE LITTLE ANTIQUARY.

My friend the doctor was a thorough antiquary: a little rusty, musty old fellow, always groping among ruins. He relished a building as you Englishmen relish a cheese, the more mouldy and crumbling it was, the more it was to his taste. A shell of an old nameless temple, or the cracked walls of a broken down amphitheatre, would throw him into raptures; and he took more delight in these crusts and cheese-parings of antiquity than in the best-conditioned modern edifice.

He had taken a maggot into his brain at one time to hunt after the ancient cities of the Pelasgi, which are said to exist to this day among the mountains of the Abruzzi; but the condition of which is strangely unknown to antiquaries. It is said that he had made a great many valuable notes and memorandums on the subject, which he always carried about with him, either for the purpose of frequent reference, or because he feared the precious documents might fall into the hands of brother antiquaries. He had therefore a large pocket behind, in which he carried them, banging against his rear as he walked.

Be this as it may; happening to pass a few days at Terracina, in the course of his researches, he one day mounted the rocky cliffs which overhang the town, to visit the castle of Theodoric. He was groping about these ruins, towards the hour of sunset, buried in his reflections,—his wits no doubt woolgathering among the Goths and Romans, when he heard footsteps behind him.

He turned and beheld five or six young fellows, of rough, saucy demeanour, clad in a singular manner, half peasant, half huntsman, with fusils in their hands.—Their whole appearance and carriage left him no doubt into what company he had fallen.

The doctor was a feeble little man, poor in look and poorer in purse. He had but little money in his pocket; but he had certain valuables, such as an old silver watch,

thick as a turnip, with figures on it large enough for a clock, and a set of seals at the end of a steel chain that dangled half down to his knees; all which were of precious esteem, being family reliques. He had also a seal ring, a veritable antique intaglio, that covered half his knuckles; but what he most valued was the precious treatise on the Pelasgian cities, which he would gladly have given all the money in his pocket to have had safe at the bottom of his trunk in Terracina.

However, he plucked up a stout heart; at least as stout a heart as he could, seeing that he was but a puny little man at the best of times. So, he wished the hunters a "buon giorno." They returned his salutation, giving the old gentleman a sociable slap on the back that made his heart leap into his throat.

They fell into conversation, and walked for some time together among the heights, the doctor wishing them all the while at the bottom of the crater of Vesuvius. At length they came to a small osteria on the mountain, where they proposed to enter and have a cup of wine together. The doctor consented; though he would as soon have been invited to drink hemlock.

One of the gang remained sentinel at the door; the others swaggered into the house; stood their fusils in a corner of the room; and each drawing a pistol or stiletto out of his belt, laid it, with some emphasis, on the table. They now called lustily for wine; drew benches round the table, and hailing the doctor as though he had been a boon companion of long standing, insisted upon his sitting down and making merry. He complied with forced grimace, but with fear and trembling; sitting on the edge of the bench; sipping down heartburn with every drop of liquor; eying ruefully the black-muzzled pistols, and cold, naked stilettos. They pushed the bottle bravely, and plied him vigorously; sang, laughed, told excellent stories of robberies and combats, and the little doctor was fain to laugh at these cut-throat pleasantries, though his heart was dying away at the very bottom of his bosom.

By their own account they were young men from the villages, who had recently taken up this line of life in the mere wild caprice of youth. They talked of their exploits as a sportsman talks of his amusements. To shoot down a traveller seemed

of little more consequence to them than to shoot a hare. They spoke with rapture of the glorious roving life they led; free as birds; here to-day, gone to-morrow; ranging the forests, climbing the rocks, scouring the valleys; the world their own wherever they could lay hold of it; full purses; merry companions; pretty women.

—The little antiquary got fuddled with their talk and their wine, for they did not spare bumpers. He half forgot his fears, his seal ring and his family watch; even the treatise on the Pelasgian cities which was warming under him, for a time faded from his memory, in the glowing picture which they drew. He declares that he no longer wonders at the prevalence of this robber mania among the mountains; for he felt at the time, that had he been a young man and a strong man, and had there been no danger of the galleys in the back ground, he should have been half tempted himself to turn bandit.

At length the fearful hour of separating arrived. The doctor was suddenly called to himself and his fears, by seeing the robbers resume their weapons. He now quaked for his valuables, and above all for his antiquarian treatise. He endeavoured, however, to look cool and unconcerned; and drew from out of his deep pocket a long, lank, leathern purse, far gone in consumption, at the bottom of which a few coin chinked with the trembling of his hand.

The chief of the party observed his movement; and laying his hand on the antiquary's shoulder—"Harkee! Signor Dottore!" said he, "we have drank together as friends and comrades, let us part as such. We understand you; we know who and what you are; for we know who every body is that sleeps at Terracina, or that puts foot upon the road. You are a rich man, but you carry all your wealth in your head. We can't get at it, and we should not know what to do with it, if we could. I see you are uneasy about your ring; but don't worry your mind; it is not worth taking; you think it an antique, but it's a counterfeit—a mere sham."

Here the doctor would have put in a word, for his antiquarian pride was touched.

"Nay, nay," continued the other, "we've no time to dispute about it. Value it as you please. Come, you are a brave little

old signor—one more cup of wine, and we'll pay the reckoning. No compliments—I insist on it. So—now make the best of your way back to Terracina; it's growing late—*buono viaggio!*—and harkee, take care how you wander among these mountains."

They shouldered their fusils, sprang gayly up the rocks, and the little doctor hobbled back to Terracina, rejoicing that the robbers had let his seal ring, his watch, and his treatise escape unmolested, though rather nettled that they should have pronounced his veritable intaglio a counterfeit.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. EDITOR,

Under the head of "REVIEW," in the last number of your useful paper, I observe some strictures on a late Sermon of mine, which are deserving attention. I regret that your *very learned* correspondent should have so much mistaken my meaning; but, as I did not perhaps express myself so intelligibly as might have been, I will now make a few remarks on some of the parts which he does not appear to understand.

It was not my intention to say that human reason could not, in any way, be enabled to comprehend the atonement; but that mere natural or human reason, of *itself*—that is, *without assistance*—could not comprehend it, or see its consistency, or realize its necessity. That this was my meaning, can easily be ascertained by examining the following assertion contained in that sermon, and to be found at the bottom of the 4th and top of the 5th pages: "*But this same Almighty God has revealed it to us in his holy word, and he is ever ready to afford us that spiritual light, if we will but receive it, that will enable us to understand it.*"

I wish your correspondent particularly to observe, that, in my opinion, there is a vast difference between the true nature of the atonement as contained in the word of God, and the explanation or belief of it as exhibited in the old church. I had no intention of ranking the latter amongst the mighty and astonishing works of an infinite God. No: I conscientiously believe it to be the work of man; and I do not consider it at all above the reach of human reason, or even common sense. And I think it probable that even the Reviewer himself very sensibly felt its inconsistencies, and therefore declined becoming professedly its advocate. And, as he could not build that system up, he appears to think that his purpose would be answered if he could pull the other down. Thus he very unfairly accuses me of "denouncing one exposition, and submitting another, upon no better authority than human reason."—On page 13th of the sermon, I gave a concise view of the object of the atonement,

according to the New-Jerusalem. On page 14th, I endeavoured to show in what it consisted. Immediately upon this, a great number and variety of passages are adduced from the sacred word, to prove and substantiate this exposition. And all these, according to the positive assertion of your correspondent, are "no better than human reason." Could this be his real meaning?—Certainly not. I would rather suppose that he was in so great a hurry to complete his review, that he could not examine the authority which I brought,—or, indeed, whether I brought any.

As he proceeds, he asserts that the "*griefs, sorrows, transgressions and iniquities, and this curse of the law*, the New Jerusalem, according to the explanation in the work before us, interpret to mean nothing more than a misapplying and abusing the powers and faculties originally conferred on man to enable him to enjoy happiness." The mixture and confusion of this sentence belongs entirely to the Reviewer, and are not to be found in any of the writings of the New Church, or "*in the work before us.*" The *transgressions and iniquities* may indeed be considered as the *misapplication and abuse of the faculties* originally conferred upon man; but the *griefs, sorrows and curse of the law* are the unhappy consequences that follow such misapplication and abuse.—The writer goes on to observe, "The prince who inflicts punishment on himself, because his subjects are disobedient and wicked, is certainly as unjust and equally foolish with him who inflicts upon an innocent man, or other third person," &c. &c.—All this may be very true; but if your precipitate correspondent had been as anxious to understand, as he appears to be to condemn, he would have found that this remark had nothing to do with the New Jerusalem. And he may rest assured that all the members of that Church are as capable of detecting its absurdities as himself. The Reviewer's remarks in the above passage evidently show, that he had in his mind the old idea of arbitrary and vicarious punishment,—which the New Church altogether disclaim,—and, therefore, any conclusion drawn from such principles can have no immediate application to the doctrines of that Church.

I did intend to have been more particular in this reply; but, upon further reflection, I think it would be useless. All, or nearly all, the difficulties that he mentions are treated of in the sermon; and, as he disregards that, no other explanation would probably be of any avail: and I wish him to understand, that I shall feel myself under no obligation to notice any more anonymous publications.

Feb. 15, 1825. N. HOLLEY.

USEFUL INVENTIONS.

There are few inventions that are not useful. The succession of human discoveries has always kept pace with civilization and refinement; and every new device of human ingenuity has been the fruitful source of gradual improvements and enjoyments. This has been called the *AGE OF DISCOVERIES*; and indeed wonderful inventions are brought to light almost every day; but this is owing to the greater application of mankind to *MENTAL LABOURS*, and is only commensurate with the actual polished and approved civilization; but is by no means the *nec plus ultra* of both. Greater discoveries are yet to be made in every branch of knowledge, even those which we consider now as perfect, or nearly so.

In Europe, Scientific discoveries are more highly valued than mechanical inventions. In the United States we have not reached yet to that refinement; practical discoveries are deemed the most important; and *LUCRATIVE INVENTIONS* above all. Those who have applied themselves, in America, to improve any Science, have never met with an adequate reward, as yet: while mere mechanics have made fortunes by some modifications of manual labor. When we shall become better informed, every discovery will be equally valued.

After having made a multitude of discoveries, in many physical, historical and philological sciences, which have been well received in Europe; but have attracted no attention or been perverted, in this neighborhood, I HAVE at last deemed it necessary to conform myself to the local sentiments on this subject, as a mean to facilitate my ulterior labors, and to become useful to myself, and others like me. I have therefore endeavored for some time past to apply myself to mature some inventions of great importance and utility that may patronize my other unpublished discoveries and toils. I have labored to use and employ practically, several suggestions that had occurred to my mind many years ago; and I HAVE THUS SUCCEEDED to achieve several INVENTIONS, of the most EXTRAORDINARY NATURE, magnitude, importance and utility; beyond my expectation or any idea that could be formed of them.

Some of these inventions, I, however, consider, of minor importance, or lesser comparative utility; and I shall not dwell on them at present. But there are THREE of them, of such a character, as will entitle them to the attention of the community, and the respect of GOOD MEN, if nothing else. The object of this *Communication* is to announce these THREE DISCOVERIES; without however satisfying curiosity, but

in part. Their character is so singular, that I feel some diffidence in stating even their object, much more their details, until sanctioned by law and experience; but I PLEDGE MY WORD OF HONOR, that however strange some of the facts may appear that I am stating, they are the PURE TRUTH and NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

Several friends or foes of mine, have often felt a disposition to sneer at my discoveries; and I will not indulge them again, by affording them a new subject. Although never deterred from my useful pursuits by the shafts of ignorance or irony; they have taught me caution and circumspection. I could not explain myself fully as yet; and the idea that I could give of these inventions, would appear so extraordinary as to mislead the public judgment. I must, therefore, conceal for a short time the main scope and principles of my inventions; and shall merely venture to announce some of their ultimate results, or rather auxiliary advantages. I shall not even name these inventions; but consider them under a relative appellation. I am sorry to be compelled to use this kind of mystery; but the necessity of the case, will strike every one very soon.

THE FIRST INVENTION, and the most lucrative, is the only one for which a patent will be taken; not only in the United States, but in England, France, and other countries, nearly at the same time. It will be the fostering father and friend of the others; and many more useful UNBORN DISCOVERIES. One of its objects will be to afford the means of increasing the SOLID AND ACTIVE CAPITAL of many men or countries! and its consequences, beyond calculation. This improvement may cause a gradual revolution in money matters, as we call them here: and as we are a MONEY-MAKING PEOPLE, I am sure that this discovery will be listened to; since it can make the fortune of many worthy men: and as it will afford the means of restoring credits, enabling to carry on internal improvements to the utmost extent, &c. I hope that it may become a POPULAR INVENTION,—the name which I shall probably give to it. To Ohio, Kentucky, &c. particularly, it will be of immense advantage, by superseding the systems of false relief, or preventing heavy taxes.

THE SECOND INVENTION, and the most important, I mean to impart freely, as soon as I have conferred with the worthy Philanthropist, Mr. ROBERT OWEN, whose benevolent scheme, it is intended to aid or improve. Its main object is the prevention and suppression of Vices and Crimes of all sorts: and, whatever may be its results, I trust that the good wishes of all benevolent minds will attend me.

THE THIRD INVENTION, and the most ex-

traordinary, will have for its aim to prevent Wars or attacks, by rendering them so dangerous that none but madmen will attempt them. It exceeds in dreadful power, that potent discovery of Mr. PERKINS, the Steam Engine of War. One single discharge of my PEACE-ENGINE, as it might be called by antithesis, may destroy one thousand men, and be as quickly repeated as the discharge of a pistol. This discovery which may change the military science, ought to be kept secret, until it can be safely and carefully employed in defensive war.

Thus I have said more on my discoveries than I intended; and I have only to add that the principles upon which they are founded are as clear as DAY-LIGHT, and of the utmost simplicity and facility, —which are the sure tests of all great discoveries: So much so, that when known, every body will wonder that they have not been found before. Whatever profits may arise to the inventor, from their operation, will be dedicated and applied to useful objects, and to foster and reward

NEGLECTED MERIT.

C. S. RAFINESQUE.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of soft satin or velvet of celestial blue. The border beautifully trimmed with a rich rouleau, entwined with silver cordon, in festoons, with blue rosetts, from whence depend silver tags.—A straight rouleau, the same as the festoon trimming, surmounts the hem at the bottom of the skirt; corsage with the drapery formed *à la Grecque*, across the bust, and on each side—that across the bust fastened with a rosette in front, with silver tags, as is the point formed by the termination of the side draperies, just above the belt, of the same materials as the dress. The sleeves are short, have a rosette on the outside of the arm, next the shoulder. Swedish mantle of violet coloured satin, trimmed with white swan's down or ermine, and lined throughout with white swan's down, ermine, or levantine. The head dress, a Veronese touge of gauze and silver lama, and an ornament, placed obliquely, front, of finely wrought filigree silver. The touge surmounted with a plume of white feathers, variegated. Opal necklace and bracelets, &c. White satin shoes.

WALKING DRESS.—A pelisse of gros de Naples, the beautiful colour of the beet root, elegantly ornamented with the valuable fur of the lynx, in the most unique and truly novel manner: the fur is not only displayed like the rouleaux of gros de Naples that divide it in serpentine wavings, but also formed into beautiful sprigs of the Asiatic tree, supported and surrounded by stalks formed of narrow rouleaux of the same material as the pelisse. A pelerine cape, trimmed with lynx fur, to correspond.—The sleeves *en gigot*, in point of form, but of more moderate dimensions than at the first appearance of this fashion, and confined at the wrists with broad gold eastern bracelets. A belt of the same material as the pelisse, fastened in front with a gold buckle, wrought in the same pattern as the Indian bars of gold at the wrist.

A bonnet of the same colour and material as the pelisse, with sichu lappets, carelessly tied. Large bows, intermingled with black, or very short feathers playing among the bows, finish this tasteful bonnet. This unrivalled pelisse is lined throughout with rich white taffety.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—The favourite colours are the rose of Japan, slate, vermillion, fire colour, amber, and pink.

COFFEE PLANTATION.

[The following graphic picture is from the notes to a poem written in Cuba; recently published in the CHARLESTON COURIER.]

"In Cuba, a well-regulated coffee estate is a perfect garden. One of moderate size, has from 100,000 to 150,000 trees, producing each an average of about half a pound of cleaned grain. The trees, which are not allowed to exceed about five feet in height, are planted six feet apart, in rows intersecting each other transversely and obliquely, in squares of 10,000. The squares are separated by broad alleys, lined either with lime-hedges, pine apples, flowers, or fruit trees. The dwelling house is generally placed at the bottom of the centre avenue, which is always broader than the rest, and is sometimes planted with bamboos, or young palms, or mangoes, or other fruit trees of large size; and sometimes left to correspond with the other alleys. The negro houses form two thirds of a rotunda, or three sides of an oblong square, immediately behind it; and the other buildings, the pasture grounds, &c. are behind these again. Thus the house commands the entire prospect of the estate; and as the trees are regularly pruned, the round tops, scarcely distinguishing the even rows in which they are planted, present a wide extended field perfectly level to the eye, which, when in bloom, has the appearance of being sprinkled over with snow—forming an agreeable contrast to the red mahogany colour of the soil, which is always kept quite clean. The tall, straight, slender palms are sparingly scattered throughout, and their plump tops, waving in the wind, break the monotony of the view, and give it an air of enchantment truly delightful. Here and there tufts of the feathery bamboo, with its long narrow leaves of light green, lend additional diversity; and patches of the broad leaved plantain, present the idea of towns of fairy wind-mills; while the tremendous cotton tree, with its large, smooth, silver coloured trunk bulging out towards the centre, heaves out, from its very top, its gigantic arms,—and towering over all, appears the genius of the scene.

On most estates, the negroes leave their work at the evening bell, assemble round their master or overseer, and after humming over their prayers, receive his blessings and retire for the night.

ACQUAINTANCES.

"Let others fear their foes; you beware only of your friends."—ANASTASIUS.

I do not wonder at people being fond of hating, for it is truly a much more comfortable feeling in society than its opposite. To tell a person, either by word or look, that you hate him, is easy, and easily understood; but you must find out some more complicated method of informing an acquaintance that you like him. In one there is a resemblance of a thousand things to be avoided—servility and adulation, if he be above you—self-importance, and an air of patronage, if beneath; but plain, downright hatred is not to be mistaken; if it is not altogether spirit and independence, it is something very like them, and may fairly pass for a virtue in these curiously civil times.

If there be any unpleasant feeling in hatred, it is in the first conception; the subsequent indulgence of it (I do not mean in outward action) is one of the most agreeable feelings we possess—"I'm sure, ma'am, you'll agree with me, if you reflect for a moment." But friendship is a bore as long as ever it exists—the continual source of those petty uneasinesses which, it is truly observed, contribute more to embitter life than the most serious misfortunes. From the first pique to the last satisfaction, the regulations of quarrel are known and defined; so are those of love; but no moral legislator has yet thought it worth his while to regulate the province of friendship. It is a mongrel state—a neutral and anarchical sort of territory, like the Isle of Man of old, a refuge for all the outlaws from more worthy and decided feelings. As long as people remain friends, mutual behaviour is a puzzle; but the instant they quarrel, the road is plain before them, and no one can be at a loss how to proceed. While in the several degrees of intimacy, men seem to be acting out of nature—every second step is an awkwardness or an absurdity.

First come the horrors of introduction—the anticipated ideas of face, manner, character, that regularly prove erroneous—our own idea of ourselves—their idea of us—ours of them—the same compared—~~d~~—civil—rather haughty—he might have done so and so—but no matter. Then the departure, and we retrace the interview: how treacherously exact the memory is in noting every circumstance, while if we wanted a name, it would see us hanged before it would tell us! Then all the way home, all that day, all that night, the over-consciousness of thought sticking in us like pins and needles.

"Oh that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister."

But ladies won't go into the desert even to spend the honey-moon; and if the fair spirits won't go with us, why we must e'en stay with them.

It were endless to enumerate the various fashions, perplexities, and despondencies, attendant on touching of hats, shaking of hands, making of bows, and saluting of cousins. Some lift the hand to the uppermost button of the coat, as a kind of half-way house between the breeches pocket and hat leaf, and if you be short-sighted, will never forgive you;—there is no balm in Gilead for non-salutation. These canvassers of bows are in the first rank of nuisances; they possess an astonishing ubiquity; you are not safe for having once passed them; "again, again, and oft again," must thy best beaver pay toll at the turning of a corner. There is a very amusing paper in "The Indicator" upon shaking hands; the writer abets the cordial shake, and tells a story of some one's introducing a fish-slice into the passive hand of an acquaintance by way of rebuke. I have envied the said fish-slice since, when in the hands of Hibernians and seamen, who are both unconscionable in their grasp.

With ladies, however, it is a very agreeable salutation, if it be not in the dog-days, not to mention the convenience of having such a tacit barometer of affection. As a hint, a hearty shake or loving squeeze is much better than endangering the corns of a mistress or dirtying her stockings. Though in these cases, as in all others, moderation should be used; it is extremely awkward to see (as I have) a cornelian ring fly from a fair hand, owing to the rude pressure of an unhandy beau, or by burying the diamond or garnet in the finger, to produce an exclamation too confessive of the ardour of the address. Every one has heard the comical story of two gentlemen, seated on each side of a lady, each flattering himself that he possessed the hand of the fair one, till they convinced one another of the mutual mistake by squeezing the blood out of their eight fingers. But not one of my gentle readers, I dare say, would be at a loss to recal a similar *contre-tems* of his own when a novice in the tender passion; he had rather trust his fingers with the secret than his tongue.

There is an ingenious writer in this very Magazine, who

"Has some stout notions on the kissing score." I am not at all inclined to agree with him, being myself a downright monoskulist. Let the lip and the heart go together, but—to one. I protest against kissing three hundred country cousins four times a year, twice at Christmas and twice at Whitsuntide. It is by far too much of a good thing.

Such are the vexations and troubles ere we enter even the threshold of friendship; and "we may go farther and speed worse," as Father O'Leary said to the impugner of purgatory. All the necessary requisites for mingling with our fellow creatures—of secrecy, selfishness, politeness, reserve—all these we generally learn by having felt the dangerous consequences of wanting them. And when we come to cast up the balance between the pleasures and the troubles of intimacy, the latter so predominate, that we are more inclined to give up the concern altogether, than make use of our experience in new and more cautiously managed connexions. Friendship, I know, is looked upon as a more noble, a more disinterested feeling than love; and ladies, in particular, who know nothing about it, think it a very romantic sort of passion between us men. Alas! they have by far too good an opinion of the lords of the creation:—if they knew, if they could bring themselves to imagine, for a moment, the real state of the case—but they cannot—they would find that there is as much selfishness, as many insignificant jealousies in friendship as in love; and that these are ten times more odious and troublesome, being such as no man would be mean enough to confess, however he might be little enough to feel and indulge them.

As long as a person is nothing, all these symptoms sleep.—the selfishness of friends is not awakened. But when one has obtained the unlucky fortune of having his sonnet inserted in a Magazine, or his maiden poem lauded in a minor review,—if he have even a Waterloo medal,

"Or lady such as lovers prize,
Have smiled on him;"

then up spring the little harvest of jealousies, in those very faces, where he, luckless wight, expected to have found but smiles and congratulations. He is no longer what he was; as soon as he becomes something, his friends become patrons; and then

Farewell the sweet communion of your minds,
The pleasant paths of hope essayed together,
The subtle wheel of sympathy, that winds
Round either heart the wishes of the other.

Poor, pitiful, or talentless as he may be, he will not want some one "to take pride out of him." And the moment he finds that he has made a step in life, he also finds thorns and dissensions beset him. At home, or abroad, in the strange or the friendly circle, he is astonished to see every aspect altered; there may be more smiles,—whether or not, there certainly is more rancour.

But, unfortunately, the sensitive minds, that penetrate with the greatest ease into the petty motives of those around them,

and consequently most strongly feel the repulsiveness of society, are the very beings who require more than any others the countenance and presence of their fellows. 'Tis hard to pass "the slough of despond" alone. And we are compelled at times to acknowledge, that the cause of the disease is its only remedy. It is this balance, this suspense, and alternate betaking itself to each, that harasses the mind, and frets it to morbidity. Each beckons one to it. The company of our "d---- kind friends" is always a refuge from loneliness, and loneliness is always a refuge from our "d---- kind friends." And the only pleasure left, is in abusing both.

RALPH.
Campbell's New Monthly Magazine.

COLERIDGE.

As an offset to some of the illnatured witticisms to which this "singularly wild and original" genius has been subjected, we extract the following laudatory notice of him, from the Count de Soligny's "LETTERS ON ENGLAND."

"After this account of Coleridge's published works, you will, perhaps, think that I am hardly entitled to speak, as I have done at the beginning of this letter, of the extent and power of his genius.—But *I have heard him talk!*—and, when this has happened to any one, it seems to be an understood thing here, that, from that time forth, he may be as enthusiastic as he pleases in his admiration of Coleridge's powers, without incurring the charge of extravagance. In truth, the first evening passed with this person, if he happens to be in a talking mood, (and when is he not?) is an era in a man's life. I had no true notion of what is called the natural gift of eloquence, till I had been present at this extraordinary exhibition—for it is literally such. You do not go to converse, or to hear others converse; for it is the fault of Coleridge that, where he is, there can be no conversation. You go to hear *him* talk, and you expect and desire to hear nothing else. Between his prose writing and his talking, there is no sort of comparison. If what he says in the course of one evening could be written down, it would probably be worth all the prose he has ever published, in whatever light it were regarded; whether as to depth of thought, splendour of imagery, felicity of illustration, extent and variety of learning, or richness, purity, and elegance of diction. His talking is as extraordinary as the chess-playing of the mechanical figure that was exhibited some years ago in Paris. You sit, and witness it in silent admiration, and wonder how it can be: and, like that, there's no puzzling or putting him out. He seems wound up, and must go on to the end. But when that

end will arrive no one can guess; so that the spectators are frequently obliged to get up and go away in the middle of the game—not being able to anticipate any finish to it. Like that celebrated figure, too, he always comes off triumphant. I never heard of any one having a chance with him: In fact, if there were not an evident appearance of his *feeling* all that he says, at the time he says it, he could be considered in no other light than as a wonderful talking machine, that talks on and on, because it can't help it.

But, perhaps, Coleridge's eloquence might, with more truth, be compared to Catalani's singing. It is as rich, as brilliant, as dazzling, and as inexhaustable as that; and can as little be followed by the orchestras who are to accompany and fill up the pauses of it, or the audience who are listening to it. It may be full of inaccuracies and solecisms for what any one knows; and there are not wanting many to assert, that this is the case in both instances; but in neither can any one detect and point them out. Perhaps the magical charm of both consists in the appearance of animated and fervent sincerity, which accompanies the *sentiment* of what they are delivering; which is not a little aided by the angelic, but somewhat vague and unmeaning smile, which is almost always playing about the lips of both. Finally, it must be confessed, that we soon get satisfied, if not more than satisfied, with the hearing of both. They surprise and delight us for a time, but are too much beyond our reach, and, perhaps, interfere too much with our self-love, to create a permanent sympathy. Nothing but the exquisite simplicity, and appearance of good nature and sincerity, accompanying both, has permitted them to be tolerated so long as they have."

MAXIMS OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

Never take snuff from politeness, until you have ascertained there is a handkerchief in your pocket.

Never SPIT ON A CARPET, unless there is no getting over it.

Cut your meat as fine as possible. Never wear out your teeth and digestive powers, when your knife will do the service better.

A bowl of warm gruel taken at bedtime, is infinitely better for a cold, than a horn of spirits, or all the mixed slops in the world.

Never eat in a hurry: it is extremely perilous.

Give a decided No, where you hesitate about answering Yes.

Get in the habit of looking after your own domestic conveniences and comforts: it will save you a world of vexation.

Never give that in charity, which you owe to another. Discriminate charity is a great virtue, but injustice is a great crime.

Never discard an old friend to receive a new comer, although he may present never so prepossessing an exterior.

BATTLE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

The following is a copy of the *Prise Poem*, spoken in the new American Theatre on the 8th of January, 1825, by Mr. CALDWELL, written by Mr. WELLS, of Boston, the successful candidate out of fifty-six.

Chill was the breeze,—nor yet the herald light,
Had chased the lingering shadows of the night:
O'er still expanse of lake, and marshy bed,
Gloomy and dense the mantling vapours spread:
But soon the battle-flash that darkness broke,
And soon, that dread repose, the peal awoke
Of loud artillery, and the dire alarms
Of mingling conflict, and the clash of arms.

Fate gave the word! and now, by veterans led,
In pride of chivalry, to conquest bred,
The foe advanced—intrenched, the champion band

Of freemen stood, the bulwark of the land;
Fearless their stars unfurled, and, as the rock,
Storm-proof they stood, impervious to the shock;
Their patriot Chief—with patriot ardour fired—
Nerved every hand, and every heart inspired;
Himself, in peril's trying hour, a host,
A nation's rescue and a nation's boast.

As near the bastioned wall the invader drew
A storm of iron hail, to greet him, flew;
On Havoc's wings the mission'd vengeance rode,
And whole platoons the scythe of Ruin mowed;
Through paths of blood, o'er undistinguished slain,

Unyoked, the hungry war-dogs scoured the plain;
Borne on the blast, the scattering besom kept
Its course, and ranks on ranks promiscuous swept.

The trophied Lion fell,—while o'er his foes
Unscathed, in arms supreme, the towering Eagle rose.

Sublime in majesty,—matchless in might—
Columbia stood, unshaken in the fight;
From lips of adamant, 'midst volumed smoke
And cataracts of fire, her thunders spoke
In triumph to the skies, from shore to shore
Old Mississippi shook, and echoed to the roar.

High on his sceptre perched our mountain bird,
Amidst the din, the shout of victory heard,
Exulting heard, and from his eyry came
Through clouds of rolling dun, and sheets of flame;

Renown's immortal meed he bore, and spread
His ample pinions o'er the conqueror's head—
THE HERO OF THE WEST—to him assigned
The glorious palm, and round his brows the guerdon twined.

CINCINNATI:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1825.

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT.

It appears, from GEN. LAFAYETTE's letter to Mr. Neville, of this city, that the conjecture we made in December, as to the General's western route, was correct. He proposes, after the celebration of the 22d of February, at Washington, to traverse the Southern States, to New Orleans;—and visit Ohio, on his way back to Boston,—where he is to officiate in the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the *Bunker-Hill* Monument, on the 17th of June. Although he will not probably reach Cincinnati before May, we concur in the suggestion that some preliminary steps should be taken by our fellow-citizens for affording the illustrious visitor a suitable reception. For the purpose of obtaining the public sentiment on the subject, it would, perhaps, be well for the Joint-Committee appointed by the Citizens and Council to give the invitation and superintend the reception of the Guest,—to devise, and report to their constituents, such a plan as, in their view, may best comport with the character and feelings of the parties concerned;—which can then be modified, or adopted, in time to have what is done accomplished in a deliberate and proper manner.

This has become the more requisite, in consequence of the recent unpropitious (tho' doubtless honest) vote of the representatives from Ohio. The General has, however, evinced his superiority to any unpleasant feelings on this score, by the lively terms in which he refers to his proposed visit. He seems, indeed, to have the enviable quality of smoothing over, without effort, every obstacle in his way. His answer to the committee entreating his acceptance of the National Boon,—it would have been almost impossible to improve; and his reply to some one apologizing for the *dissentients*,—that he was '*himself one of the opposition*; and would have voted against the measure had he been a member,'—was calculated, we should think, to disarm, for once, the most constitutional Argus of the Treasury, of his wonted hostility to an example of National Munificence. *

MONUMENTS.

Public sentiment, in various parts of our country, appears to be manifesting itself decidedly in favour of the erection of Monuments in commemoration of the glory of our battles, and the fame of the gallant soldiers who achieved them.

The "Sons of New-England" are about to erect on Bunker's Hill, a plain and simple, but lofty and imposing monument. Fifty thousand dollars have already been subscribed in the city of Boston. There is no battle-ground within our country more highly deserving a memorial than Bunker's Hill. It was there the blood of freemen flowed profusely, in promptly arresting the strong arm of tyranny. The encrimsoned brow of that Hill served as a beacon throughout the Revolutionary struggle, to lead our troops to victory.

In New-York and Philadelphia successful efforts appear to be making to erect Statues and Monuments in honour of Washington. The Masonic Societies throughout the Union, have united for the purpose of building a monument at Mount Vernon, in honour of their illustrious brother, whose ashes repose in the simple mausoleum which stands upon that consecrated spot.

We are pleased with this spontaneous burst of feeling, emanating directly from the people. Indeed, in all cases, with one single exception, we would prefer that similar tributes should come from the same source. That exception is

in favour of the erection of a suitable monument at the Capitol, to the memory of WASHINGTON, by the Government of that country, whose freedom and independence he so largely contributed to achieve. A portion of the national funds could not be directed in channels more gratifying to the feelings of Americans than in performing such an act. No precedent would be established by it, for we can never again be situated as we were at the period of the revolution; and century after century may pass by, before the country shall be blest with an individual in whom will be found that extraordinary union of wisdom and virtue which has rendered Washington the admiration of the world.

While England is raising monuments to preserve the fame of her 'illustrious dead,' in India, in Canada, and at Waterloo, we should act unworthy ourselves to leave 'unhonored and unsung' our soldiers who have nobly offered themselves a willing sacrifice on the altar of their country's prosperity. The field of battle becomes a laurelled bed to the soldier, when he dies in the belief that his countrymen will mark the place of his achievements, and say to future generations, *there lies a hero who died fighting the just battles of his country*.

A single column in commemoration of a victory becomes a monument to all those who there arrayed themselves under the eagle banner of their country: and the widows and orphans of those who fell, will bless that spirit in their countrymen, which prompted them to perpetuate the story of their husbands' and their fathers' chivalry.

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

MR. LIVINGSTON, the veteran legislator from Louisiana, proposes, hereafter, to submit to Congress the project of a criminal code, which shall dispense with the punishment of DEATH altogether. This would, doubtless, be a desirable state of things; and the advantages of success would justify some risk in the experiment.—But, until Congress can be brought to agree upon a substitute for IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT, there is little prospect of Mr. L.'s succeeding in the establishment of his more enlarged system of civilization. In the mean time, we cordially unite in the following sentiments of the Providence Journal of the 3d inst.

"If death must be inflicted, at least let the publicity of executions be abolished. Let the criminal enter his cell, and take his last leave of the eager multitude at the door of his prison.—Let him suffer in secret and in silence, with only the officers of justice and the ministers of religion to witness his last moments, unsustained by the excitement of the populace, under whose eyes the most timid as well as the most hardened wretches are alike ambitious of affecting the hero and the martyr. One such execution would carry more terror, and serve better for a preventive of crime, than an hundred in the full gaze of public curiosity; and the end of punishment would be obtained, without the danger of perverting the public morals, and exciting the sympathies of the multitude—who now invariably forget the crime in the sufferings of the criminal."

BISHOP CHASE.

The following paragraph, from the New-York Observer, affords an encouraging account of the effect of Bishop Chase's late mission to Great Britain, for the purpose of obtaining contributions for a Theological Seminary in Ohio. We understand, the Bishop has offered his farm near Worthington, as a donation, should it be selected as the site of the proposed establishment:—and, that the inhabitants of Chillicothe have of-

fered a considerable bonus in the event of its being located there. Under these circumstances, it would be well for our fellow-citizens to ascertain, before it is too late, what advantages may be afforded on their part, calculated to justify its location in Cincinnati.

* *Ohio Theological Seminary.*—A gentleman in Liverpool writes that "Bishop Chase excited a deep interest in this country, and the personal attachments he has carried with him from among persons of rank, will go far to cement the union between the two countries."—From the Address of the Bishop, recently delivered before the Convention of Ohio, we learn that at the time he left England, the whole amount of donations to the Episcopal Theological Seminary, about to be established in his Diocese, was nearly equal to 20,000 dollars. Besides the money contributed, the following specific donations are mentioned, viz:—1st: A library of about 500 volumes. 2dly. A set of stereotype plates for the Common Prayer Book. 3dly. A printing press. And 4thly. A rich and well wrought set of communion plate for the chapel of the intended Seminary. A considerable addition to those donations is confidently expected from the efforts of the friends of the institution in England, who assured the Bishop at the time of his departure, that the interests of the Seminary should not suffer from his absence.

General Summary.

Hayti.—The ship Niagara has arrived at Savannah from Port-au-Prince. A gentleman who came passenger in that ship states, that the accounts which have previously been received in the United States, as to the state of alarm existing in the island of Hayti, are much exaggerated. Military law had not been declared, nor had the emigrants been compelled to do duty on their landing.

The select committee in the New-York Legislature, on the Right of Suffrage, have reported an amendment to the constitution of New-York, authorizing all white citizens aged 21, to vote, after one year's residence in the state, and six months' residence in the county; and all blacks to vote who possess a freehold of the value of 150 dollars.

The U. States' Bank, on the 18th ult. invested one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, 4½ per cent. U. S. stock, on account of Gen. La Fayette, at par—which, as the stock is at five per cent. advance, was in effect presenting him with *six thousand dollars*—an act worthy of that munificent institution.

When canals shall be put in successful operation, (remarks the Boston Palladium,) we shall see numerous sources of profit start up before us which never had been anticipated. In estimating the importance of these canals, we ought to contemplate the extraordinary rapidity with which the population is increasing, and the resources of the country developing themselves.

The Canal in China goes from Canton to Pekin, in a straight line, upwards of eight hundred and six miles, having seventy-five locks, and forty one large cities on its banks. Above thirty

thousand men were employed forty-three years in making it.

On one day, recently, 208 foot passengers and 1000 carriages, carts, &c. passed Charlestown bridge, near Boston. The toll, in the aggregate, could not have been less than 100 dollars.

A machine for drilling rocks has been invented by Cyrus Alden, of Roxbury, Mass. by which a boy may drill as much in one day as three men can do in the same time, in the usual mode of drilling. The machine is said to be exceedingly simple, and may be put in operation by less power than is necessary to turn a common grind-stone, and is done in a similar manner.

A gentleman at the eastward has invented a threshing machine, which is said to perform wonders. One of them threshed 211 bushels of oats in 16 hours, and 201 bushels of wheat in 19 hours. The straw is found to be much clearer of grain when threshed through this machine than when threshed by the common flail.

The Chamber of Commerce of Baltimore has adopted the decimal hundred [100] for the gross hundred [112] and established new tares.

It is said the great timber ship which arrived in England from Canada, was to be converted into a steam collier.

The deaths in New-York, during 1824, were 4341, being 897 more than those of 1823. Of these 394 were small pox.

The sentence of a common scold in Pennsylvania to the *ducking stool* has been set aside by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

India rubber shoes are becoming all the fashion in the eastern states.

A soldier is said to be living in New-Hampshire, who has 42 balls in his body.

A child six years old died in Massachusetts last month, in consequence of swallowing a piece of tobacco half smoked.

Andrew Geyer, of Philadelphia, has obtained a verdict of 890 dollars damages—the defendant, Conrad Wycherly, having refused his vote at a late church election.

A Presbyterian clergyman, at Fairfield, Connecticut, has been subjected to 750 dollars damages, for a libel on an Episcopalian clergyman, arising out of a dispute about universalism.

It is rumored that Joseph Bonaparte has purchased the lot between Market and Chestnut, and Eleventh and Twelfth streets, in Philadelphia, and is about to erect on it a Mansion for his family.

The managers of the Alms House, in Philadelphia, in conjunction with the requisite number of Aldermen and justices of the peace, have agreed to levy on the City and Liberties the sum of \$120,000 as a poor tax for the ensuing year. The sum assessed, last year, was \$130,000.

The Thermometer, at Augusta, Me. on the 8th inst. was 22 degrees below 0.

Sixty-seven midshipmen having passed examination, have been nominated by the President to the Senate, for appointments as Lieutenants.

A lady by the name of PITTS, who lately died in Virginia, left all her slaves free, on condition of their going to Africa, and also provided her executors with the means of transporting them thither.

The New-York Churches vs. The Corporation.—The Common Council of New-York, having passed an ordinance, prohibiting, under severe penalties, interments of the dead within the limits of the city, a meeting of delegates from forty churches in the city has been held, and resolutions adopted, in which they deny the right of

the Common Council to prohibit interments in the cemeteries of the churches—there being no deleterious effects resulting from the interment of the dead, and declare their determination to put the authority of the Council in this respect to a legal test.

Convictions at the Police Office, New-York.—Joseph Nixon Land—plead guilty to an indictment for petit larceny—in having stolen a bar of iron, which he had on his shoulder when taken. On being asked by the Court, when brought up for trial, why he had taken the property in that manner, he replied, with all the impudence imaginable, that he wanted the iron to make cogs for a tread-mill for himself. In passing sentence, the Recorder reminded him of this declaration, by stating, that since he had a partiality for such machinery, he would now have an opportunity of trying his skill upon one for six months.

Michael Higgins—for taking a police officer to the watch-house, instead, as in duty bound, of letting the officer take him there.

The Norfolk Herald states the number of slaves [taken during the last war] for which claims for indemnity have been presented to the Board of Commissioners now sitting at Washington, is from 3600 to 3700; and that the claims, inclusive of other property coming within the provisions of the treaty, amount to nearly \$3,000,000. This, on the part of Great Britain, is paying pretty well for the philanthropic disposition of her naval commanders, and on our side it is getting rid of a burthen on very advantageous terms.

Captain Wm. Kendall, jr. of Waterville, Me. has recently put into successful operation, an improved circular Saw, adapted to mill logs of the largest size. The Saw is capable of making boards at the astonishing rate of forty to sixty superficial feet in a minute, planing them at the same time. Those who have witnessed the effects, are fully apprised of its utility, particularly as it is admirably adapted to tide waters and streams of low heads, or may be conveniently propelled by steam; three fourths at least, of the power required in the usual way of sawing, is saved by Mr. Kendall's machine, which at the same time makes much smoother and better boards. About 100,000 feet have already been made, though Capt. Kendall is not prepared to make a business of sawing till several important appendages are annexed to the machine. Circular saws have long been in use, yet the peculiar construction of the saw and other parts of the machine, and its application to heavy timber, are well worthy of a patent. The ardour with which he engaged, and the skill and ingenuity with which he has persevered in this new and useful invention, are worthy of commendation, and his complete success will perpetuate his fame and augment his usefulness.

A delicate hint to the ladies.—A Philadelphia physician, in a letter to a lady, on the deleterious effects of wearing corsets, has the following observations: "I anticipate the happy period when the fairest portion of the fair creation will step forth unincumbered with slabs of walnut and tiers of whalebone. The constitutions of our females must be excellent to withstand, in any tolerable degree, the terrible inflictions of the corset eight long hours every day. No other animal could survive it. Take the honest ox, and enclose his sides with hoop-poles, put an oaken plank beneath him, and gird the whole with a bed-cord, and demand of him to labor; He would labor, indeed; but it would be for breath."

Napoleon's house at St. Helena has been converted into a Barn—to perpetuate the memory, we presume, of the Emperor's skill in *Threshing*—his enemies.]

LITERARY NOTICES.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Lionel Lincoln—by the author of the Spy, &c. The Influence of Tropical Climates on European Constitutions, &c. By J. Johnson, M. D. Reprinted from the third London edit. enlarged.

The Atrocities of the Pirates:—or a Narrative of the Sufferings of Adam Smith, during his Captivity among the Pirates of Cuba, in 1823.

A Treatise on the Diseases of Children. By Dr. Logan.

The Revelation Unsealed. By Alex. Smyth, M. C.

The Farmer's Guide and Compendium of Agriculture, &c. By Wm. and Solomon Drown. The Pains of Imagination. By C. Carter, N.Y. Ellen; or the Young Godmother.

Tales for Mothers—from the French of G. N. Bouillet. Dyer's Sacred Music—Sixth edit. enlarged.

The Valley of Shenandoah; or Memoirs of the Graysons.

A Few Days in Athens:—translated from a Greek (Herculaneum) MS. By Miss Wright, author of Views of Society and Manners in America.

PROPOSED PUBLICATIONS.

Letters from England mention that the new Waverly Novel, the Crusaders, has been suspended. The reason is said to be known only to the author. It is generally understood that SIR WALTER SCOTT will put his name in the title page.

We understand that the work talked of as forthcoming from the pen of the authors of the Rejected Addresses, is a Novel in 2 vols.; the hero of which is a citizen, and many of the scenes are said to be laid in that circle of society where a citizen's life is usually passed. From the well-known talents of the authors, a high treat may be expected in this new performance.

A Chronological History of the West Indies is announced, by Captain Thomas Southey, Royal Navy.

MARRIED.

February 22, Mr. DAVID CHURCHILL to Miss FRANCES A. C. M'KIM.

DIED,

February 6, at Boston, Mass. suddenly, WM. EUSTIS, governor of the state.

FOR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The public will perceive that our recent bantler has brought forth DR. CATESBY from his lurking place:—and, truly, if he can substantiate the half of his alleged discoveries, he will be able to prove what he tells us in his postscript,—that he has "been better employed than in merely drawing pencil sketches." We are sorry to say, however, that his strictures on the late review of his pamphlet,—which he hopes "has been received and used,"—is still lingering on the road.

Owing to the compositor's mistaking an old mark for a fresh one, we had somewhat 'too much of a good thing,' last week, in the reprint of a couple of anecdotes (in a part of the impression) which had appeared near a twelve-month before.

Several original articles, too late for this number, will make their appearance in our next;—along with sundry editorial paragraphs, at present crowded out by the quantity of miscellaneous items which had accumulated under the head of our 'GENERAL SUMMARY.'

[Feb. 26, '25.]

Original Poetry.**TO THE LITERARY GAZETTE.**

We did not expect,
Our pretty Gazette,
You'd ever become such a downright coquette;
So fickle and flirting,
Your best friends deserting,
We took it unkind of our pretty Gazette.

First Apollo you courted,
And long with him sported,
Till he thought you at least full a quarter his
own;—
When his sister, Miss Muse,
You as much as refuse
A place in your columns, so cold you had grown.

Loquacious and pert,
You must then have a flirt
With the young God of Trade, (we intend no
offence;)—
You are not the first Miss,
Who has played pranks like this,—
For gold, yielding up taste, wit, beauty and
sense.

With the merchants you chat,
About goods, and all that;
With NEW BOOKS and JOB PRINTING, now filled
up our page is;
Such a bustle and pother
With this, that and t' other,
And C. M. the DENTIST, anon all the rage is.

ORIG'NAL, SELECTED,
Forsaken, dejected,
Grown quite out of favour, and cast off and done
with;—
But ADAMS ELECTED,
They'll now be protected,
And old steady habits again be begun with.

And now you've repented,
And kindly consented
To return to your first love—we, too, have re-
lented.

Again we'll be friends,
Strive to make all amends
To your lovers and patrons—may all be con-
tent!

YOUR 'TUNEFUL CONTRIBUTORS.'**ELEGIAC LINES.**

I.
Alas! the child of Love, too soon
Hath faded from the world;
So blows, beneath its first fond moon,
A flower,—the next sees buried:
Though withered from its earthly stem,
It blooms in Heaven's bright diadem.

II.
Oh! had my life, pure sinless child!
Been transient as thine own,
I ne'er had trod this thorny wild,
In pangs to thee unknown;
Nor wept those burning tears for thee,
And her who ruled my destiny.

III.
For since thy mother's radiant form
Flashed o'er my wilder path,
With martyr-faith I braved each storm,
Till Heaven was veiled in wrath;—
And she, the star that blest my way,
Now turns from me her guiding ray.

IV.
I do not mourn thee less, fair child!
Because I knew thee not;
For like a meteor o'er the wild
Thy tender ray hath shot:
And, o'er the gloom of my sad day
Thy gentle radiance still shall play.

V.
I long presaged that thou would'st rise,
Hope's rainbow, o'er my head;
And beacon me to those pure skies
To which, too soon, thou 'rt fled,—
And left me, 'midst despairing gloom,
All darkly wandering to the tomb.

VI.
Presumptuous hope! I deem'd, fond boy,
Thou'dst live through glorious years,—
Thy father's deep entrancing joy,
Thy mother's fondest cares,—
And in thy future laurel'd age
Would all their griefs and pangs assuage!

LARA.

Selected Poetry.**GENEVIEVE.**

We subjoin the following favourable specimen of
Mr. COLERIDGE's poetical powers, as a suitable
accompaniment to the extract, relating to
him, among our "Miscellaneous selections."

All Thoughts, all Passions, all Delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but Ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.
Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the Mount I lay
Beside the Ruin'd Tower.

The Moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the Lights of Eve;
And she was there, my Hope, my Joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the Armed Man,
The Statue of the Armed Knight:
She stood and listened to my harp
Amid the Ling'ring light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My Hope! my Joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The Songs, that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful Air,
I sang an old and moving Story—
An old rude Song that fitted well
The Ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush
With downcast Eyes and modest Grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight, that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and, ah!
The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's Love
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast Eyes and modest Grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her Face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came, and looked him in the face,
An Angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew, it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leapt amid a murd'rous band,
And saved from Outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The Scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his Madness went away
When, on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My fal'ring voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy Eve;

And Hopes, and Fears that kindle Hope,
An undistinguishable throng!
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and maiden shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside;
As conscious of my look, she stepped—
Then suddenly with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful Art
That I might rather feel than see
The Swelling of her Heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her Love with virgin pride:
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride!

Published on SATURDAYS, by J. P. FOOTE,
at the Book store, No. 14, Lower Market street;
at THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Looker & Reynolds, Printers,
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